



Sandle Steps



bigger than life

👁 111 ✓ 2 ★ 4

Chapter 1 by Christopher Morris

Half the time, while walking, it's hard to focus on one thing. Especially distances. And I think that's why we could use a bit more of it.

I don't mind the heat. Thorton was always willing to walk with me when he could. He'd hear about a charity I was walking for on a given week, and make arrangements to meet me in one of the cities on my tour.

It's hard to think that things were altogether different months ago.

Chapter 2 by Vanilla



Months. Just six letters, but I could swear I never felt it. They say time flies, for me, time had disappeared. Months ago, when I didn't know Thorton, and when all I did was binge on chips and television in my house, ignoring the constant disapproval of my mom.

Back then, I had no inspiration. No incentive, no lure towards anything. The world could die and I would still be watching the blank television.

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neighbour's pet dog, died. I wasn't really close to them, but I was shocked when the meaning of 'gone forever' fell on my head.

What use was it, then, to attend college, have a good job, a good life, and then die? 'Forever'? I didn't care about myself from that day.

But today I do.

Chapter 3 by Lex



Because things change, of course forever is well...forever, and just because you die and are gone at the end of life doesn't mean there's no point in living.

My views changed when I met a young girl, 12, her name was Anna and she had stage 3 cancer. I have asked Anna why she wanted to live if life was so difficult for her. She gave me a beautiful response.

She said "Well, we all die eventually, and in my case I might die sooner than others. But the point of living life is to make a difference in the world, to be somebody, to change something, to love someone. And that's why I keep living, it's why I go through chemo and surgery and hospital after hospital getting help, because I am making a difference in this world by proving that death doesn't have to be meaningless." she had asked if I listened to Michael Jackson and I said yes, she replied "All he did was use his gift, his his soul, to give the world his all, his everything, and in return he got back the happiness and praise of billions of people. That made him happy, so no matter what he died a great death because he made a difference in this world... That's all I'm trying to do is make one little difference so that I wasn't meaningless. "

That girl...Anna, wrote a story about her life, the diagnosis, the chemo, going bald, her parents struggle, her friends sorrow. She wrote her story and never finished it... Because six months later she died. I wrote her letters every week for those six long months and she seemed hopeful, so full of joy and life. And she still died.... But she was my inspiration to become a better me and to make a difference for people.

I loved Anna and I would do it for [See more of Story Wars](#)

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